

Lyrics

JIM YOU AND I

This Is No Laughing Matter
THIS LOVE OF MINE
TWO IN LOVE
DO YOU CARE?
B-I-BI
BY-U BY-O

I'M A LITTLE TEAPOT — YES INDEED — THAT DID IT, MARIE — MAMA

DINAH

SHORE

EDITOR'S

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TOP NOTCH SONGS takes a great deal of genuine pleasure in placing this issue before the public. The radical departure we have made from the usual con-

have made from the usual contents of song magazines puts TOP NOTCH SONGS in a class by itself. Even a hasty glance at our feature pages shows it to be far and away the best value in the music world today.

This is not mere idle and boastful sales talk. We said we are proud of this issue. Now you be the judge. Just run quickly through our features and decide for yourself.

In addition to the lyrics of the songs you are singing, whistling and humming every day, TOP NOTCH SONGS brings you the complete words and music, exactly as you will find it in sheet music form, of the number-one melody on all Hit ratings from coast to coast, TSCHAIKOVSKY'S CONCERTO IN Bb MINOR (Down Thru the Years).

to coast, TSCHAIKOVSKY'S CONCERTO IN Bb MINOR (Down Thru the Years).
You will also find the complete sheet music of the brand new "Hit", "MY FOOLISH HEART AND I". We invite you to note on page 6 what the experts say about this song. We freely predict that it will be one of the top hits of 1942.
Complete Piano scores, words and music, of all your favorite Christmas songs are included, as well. This feature alone places TOP NOTCH SONGS in a class of its own.
In "Down Memory Lane," pages 20 and 21, we bring you the lyrics of the favorite songs of other years. They will no doubt stir many fond recollections. It seems that each happy episode of our past lives has been intimately connected with some melody. On hearing a familiar but half forgotten refrain, memory awakens and a face, a scene or an event of long, long ago lives again.
Cowboy songs were never more popular than they are today. On page 22 we bring you a full page of your favorites.
Now the verdict is in your hands.

favorites.

Now the verdict is in your hands. Now the verdict is in your hands. We hope you will be pleased, and we naturally are most anxious to know how you receive our offering. Your comment is cordially invited, and we will endeavor to carry out any suggestions you may make.

TSCHAIKOVSKY MAKES HIT PARADE AFTER 101 YEARS

Peter Ilich Tschaikovsky was born in old Russia, in the year 1840. If the shade of the great composer were to return to this mortal coil for a visit, no doubt he would meet with many surprises. The venerable ghost would, we assume, be more than mildly shocked with the mechanical and social changes he would encounter. His great musical mind would be some-what confused with present day world politics; and dodging in and out of Broadway's traffic would without question keep his celestial legs busy if not bruised.

But if in his journey he should wander into a roadhouse to catch his

breath, he would meet the biggest and most pleasant surprise of all. He could select any nightclub or tavern at random, and upon gliding through its door would be greeted with the familiar strains of his Piano Concerto

in Bb minor.

r notch songs

WORDS AND MUSIC

VOL. 1, NO. 1

W. LAWRENCE DARROW EDITOR

ADESTE FIDELES ...

BETTY ANN FISHER MUSIC EDITOR

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?.....

YA GOTTA HAVE LOVE.....

YES INDEED

YOU AIN'T NO WHERE

YOU'RE MORE AMOROUS.....

YOGY YOGI .

COMPLETE PIANO SCORES, WORDS AND MUSIC

CONCERTO IN BL MINOR (DOWN THRU THE YEARS)

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

JINGLE BELLS			30
MY FOOLISH HEART AND I			7
SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT			28
WHO? SANTA CLAUS!			23
	YR	ICS	
	21	MAMA	15
AFTER ALL I'VE BEEN TO YOU	31	MOTHER GOOSE PARADE	26
ALOHA BELOVED	14	MY CUTY'S DUE AT TWO-TO-TWO	21
AMERICA WE ALL LOVE YOU	20	MY HEART'S IN THE RED	14
A NEW SHADE OF BLUE	5	MY HEART REMEMBERS	6
A VISION OF LOVE	12	MY MILITARY MAID	26
BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM	27	MY OLD ROMANCE	27
BAY STATE SHUFFLE	19	MY TREASURE	12
BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING		OH SUSANNA	31
YOUNG CHARMS	31	OLD COWBOY	22
B-I-BI	/4	OLD NAMES OF OLD FLAMES	31
BLUE CHAMPAGNE	3	ONE IS NEVER TOO OLD TO SWING	4
BY-U-BY-O	11	ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY	6
CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINIA	6	PRETTY KITTY KELLY	20
CLEMENTINE	22	RED RIVER VALLEY	22
DARN MY HEART	26	RIO NIGHTS	20
DESERT MOON	11	ROSE DREAMS	20
DO YOU CARE?	5	SAILBOAT IN THE SKY	4 5
FOG UNDER THE MOON	27	SHAKE HANDS WITH A MILLIONAIRE	20
FORGET IF YOU CAN	21	SLEEP. BABY SLEEP	31
'FRAIDY CAT	3	THAT DID IT, MARIE	14
GEE BUT I'M LONESOME TONIGHT	14	THE CLARINET POLKA	13
GOOFY POLKA	27	THE FIRST ONE TO SAY GOOD MORNING	12
HARF A HEART	12	THE GENERAL AND THE PRIVATE	14
HAVANA HEAVEN	21	THE GIRL IN THE LITTLE GREEN HAT	20
HIGH UPON A HILLTOP	26	THE NICKLE SERENADE	3
HIT YOURSELF ON THE FUNNY BONE	27	THE OLD VILLAGE BAND	13
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES	15	THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH ME.	27
I CARRY THE TORCH	11	THERE'S NO TOMORROW	26
I DREAMT I DWELT IN HARLEM	10	THE ROSARY	31
IF I GO	19	THE ROSE OF TRALEE	31
I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN KATHLEEN	31	THE SANTA CLAUS PARADE	15
I'M A LITTLE TEAPOT	10	THE STILLS IN THE HILLS	15
I'M A LONELY SOLDIER WAITING	19	THE VICTORY SONG	13
I'M SHAKING HANDS WITH THE MOON IS THE RANGE STILL THE SAME BACK HOME	19	THE WEARING OF THE GREEN	31
I THINK OF YOU	The state of the s	THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER	5
I WALKED BACK FROM THE BUGGY RIDE.	11	THIS LOVE OF MINE	11
I WISH I HAD A DIME	10	TOO BAD, SO SAD	26
I WISH I WAS SINGLE AGAIN	31	TUXEDO JUNCTION	19
JERSEY BOUNCE	5	TWO IN LOVE	3
JIM	5	TWO PAIR OF SHOES	11
JOLTIN' JOE DI MAGGIO	13	VIOLETS FOR YOUR FURS	10
		WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?	15

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MA, I MISS YOUR APPLE PIE.....

KEEP THE STARS AND STRIPES TOGETHER.. 10

LAMENT OF LOVE..... 12

LIFE COULD BE SO LOVELY..... 27

LITTLE OLD SOD SHANTY...... 22 LULLABY LAND 21



Art Jarrett, whose recording of Nickel Serenade is rapidly climbing to the top.

"THE NICKEL SERENADE" (The Coin Machine Song)

Words and Music by
DEL SHARBUTT, FRANK STANTON
and AXEL REMARK

Verse The coin machine in the tavern Has a story to tell About one night when a boy and maid Found romance in its spell

Chorus Once a soldier met a maid After he was on parade
They met in the rattle of, spoke in
the babble of The nickel serenade

All night long the record played For the nickels that he paid And love kept a rendezvous, there as they listened to The nickel serenade

They danced and sang their cares away
Till the break of dawn
He told her he would always stay
But he soon was gone

Now he's back in his brigade So the lonely little maid Is left all alone and blue, cries while she listens to

The nickel serenade.

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Madison Ave., New York City.

TWO IN LOVE

By MEREDITH WILLSON
As Recorded by
TOMMY DORSEY VICTOR
BOB CROSBY DECCA
RIJERIRD VAUGHN MONROE BLUEBIRD
EDDIE HOWARD COLUMBIA
GENE KRUPA OKEH For you and I are two in love Two in love can face the world together Hearts that cuddle up will muddle The world may rock and rumble Crowds may groan and grumble Thrones may even tumble too.

Darling two in love can face the stormy weather Laugh aloud at every cloud above And so we'll show them all What love can do For you and I are two in love Copyright 1941 by Meredith Willson

BLUE CHAMPAGNE

Words and Music by
GRADY WATTS and FRANK RYERSON
JIMMY DORSEY... DECC
FRANKIE MASTERS COLUMBI
FREDDIE MARTIN... BLUEBIR

VerseDECCA COLUMBIA BLUEBIRD Three A.M. no where else to go It's three A.M. and I miss you so

Couples are departing soon they'll all be gone
Now another day is starting still I

linger on with

Chorus Blue Champagne purple shadows and Blue Champagne with the echoes that still remain

I keep a blue rendezvous. Bubbles rise like a fountain before my eyes And then suddenly crystalize to form

a vision of you All the plans we started all the songs

we sang
Each little dream we knew seems to
overtake me

Like a boomerang
Blue is the sparkle, gone is the tang
Each old refrain keeps returning as I remain

With my mem'ries and Blue Champagne to toast the dream that was you. Copyright 1941 by Encore Music Pub. Co., Inc.



Gale Robbins, featured with Art Jarrett and his orchestra.

YOU AND I

by Mentebilli Will	LISOIN
TOMMY DORSEY	VICTOR
TOMMI DOMSEI	
GLENN MILLER DINAH SHORE	BLUEBIRD
DINAH SHORE	
GUY LOMBARDO BING CROSBY.	DECCA
BING CROSBY.	
KATE SMITH }	COLUMBIA
KATE SMITH	
DICK JURGENS	ОКЕН
Poet and musician sing t	he same old
	ile parife ora
tune	
To the sweethearts that	come and go
Let your intuition aided	hy the moon
Let your intuition aided	by the moon

Tell you little things the poet doesn't know. Chorus

Darling, You and I know the reason why a summer sky is blue And we know why birds in the trees

sing melodies too; And why love will grow from the first "hello,"

Until the last "good-bye," So to sweet romance, there is just one answer, You and I

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'FRAIDY CAT

As Recorded by	
BEN BERNIE	DECCA
SAMMY KAYE	VICTOR
VAUGHN MONROE	BLUEBIRD
FINY HILL	COLUMBIA
**	

Verse name is Kitty

All the boys agree she's the local belle 'cause every night they gather round to yell. Oh

Chorus You're just a 'fraidy cat Afraid of eatin' candy 'fraid of gettin'

fat
You're just, a 'fraidy cat
But I love yuh just for that—oh
You're such a 'fraidy cat
A dishie wishie gishie don't know
where you're at
You're just a 'fraidy cat
But I loves yuh just for that
Why you never want to do a little
steppin' out
Oh you're just as shy as you can be

steppin' out
Oh you're just as shy as you can be
Like pussy in the corner you just sit
and pout
Why don't you come and play with me
Say don't be a 'fraidy cat
Come on admit your heart is goin'
pitty pat
But I loves yuh just for that
'Fraidy cat meow—'fraidy cat

Second Chorus

You're just a 'fraidy cat You're tossin' me around just like an acrobat

You're just a 'fraidy cat But I love yuh just the same—oh You're such a 'fraidy cat You're such a Traidy cat
A dishie wishie gishie don't know
where you're at
You're such a 'fraidy cat
Ev'rybody knows your name
Why the boogie man will get you if

yuh don't watch out So you better come and play with me Like pussy in the corner you just sit and pout

and pout
You're just as shy as you can be
Say don't be a 'fraidy cat
Come on admit your heart is goin'
pitty pat
But I loves yuh just for that
'Fraidy cat meow—'fraidy cat
Copyright 1941 by Wesjay Music Corporation

"The Ol' Maestro" Ben Bernie, who, with "All the Lads", keeps topping the top.



B-I-BI

By S. K. RUSSELL, JUDY and
BEVERLY FREELAND
As Recorded by
GUY LOMBARDO
HORACE HEIDT. COI
CARL HOFF
BOB CHESTER BLU
KING SISTERS BLU COLUMBIA OKEH

Verse

The Joneses had a get-to-gether, Their gathering was large,
But things got duller than the weather,
Till "Baby Babs" took charge.
She went to the piano,
And took her "B,"
Putting it to music in a major key.

Chorus

(sing twice)
B-i-bi, b-o-bo, b-i-bit-ti-bi, boo.
B-o-bo-bit-ty-bi-bo-b-u-boo-bit-ty-bi-bo-boo.

(2) Then Clarence took his "C" when he could get the hang,
Amusing everybody with the way he

sang; C-i-ci, c-o-co, c-i-cit-ty-ci, C-o-co-cit-ty-ci-co-c-u-coo-cit-ty-ci-

co-coo-coo. Now take it Uncle Dan tho you can't

sing a note, We promise not to mind that bullfrog

in your throat,
D-i-di, d-o-do, d-i-dit-ty-di,
D-o-do-dit-ty-di-do-d-u-doo-dit-tydi-do-doo-doo.

F-i-fi, f-o-fo, f-i-fitty-fi, f-o-fo-fitty-fi-fo, f-u-foo-fitty-fi-fo-foo-foo. (5)

Aunt Gertie had a voice that touched your very soul,
When she began to sing the tears began to roll.

G-i-gi, g-o-go, g-i-gitty-gi, g-o-gitty-gi-go, g-u-goo-gitty-gi-go-goo-goo.

(6)

When brother Harry gives you need a

crying towel,

He sounds just like a coyote on a midnight prowl.

H-i-hi, h-o-ho, hi-hitty-hi, h-o-hitty-hi-ho, h-u-hoo-Hitty-hi-ho-hoo-hoo-

(7)

Then Janie got the rhythm; jitterbug she was.

And sang it on an off-beat like a hepcat does.

J-i-ji, j-o-jo, j-i-jitty-ji, j-o-jo-jitty-ji-jo, j-u-joo-jitty-ji-jo-joo-joo (8)

(9)

But cousin Lillie was a sugar-daddy's

From force of habit she sang in a baby

voice. L-i-li, 1-o-lo, 1-i-litty-li, 1-o-lo-littyli-lo, l-u-loo-litty-li-lo-loo-loo. (10)

And Mother not to be outdone by all

of them, ust stole the spotlight singing her Just stole the initial "M."

M-i-mi, m-o-mo, m-i-mitty-mi, m-o-mo-mitty-mi-mo, m-u-moo-mittymi-mo-moo-moo.

(11)

When Nellie sang out in her awful

monotone, She thought that she sang better than Miss Lily Pons.



Guy Lombardo surrounded by some of his favorites.

N-i-ni, n-o-no, n-i-nitty-ni, n-o-no-nitty-ni-no, n-u-noo-nitty-ni-nonoo-noo.

(12)Then centered in the family circle up stepped Pete
And he made with the melody so soft

and sweet.

P-i-pi, p-o-po, p-i-pitty-pi, p-o-po-pitty-pi-po, p-u-poo-pitty-pi-po-poopoo.

Then Grandma Rosie's tinny voice they scratched on tin And played this quaint recording with

R-i-ro, r-o-ro, r-i-ritty-ri, r-o-ro-ritty-ri-ro, r-u-roo-ritty-ri-ro-roo-

(14)

roo.

Then Vi the southern cook was noticed in the hall, They made her sing this patter in her

southern drawl.
V-i-vi, v-o-vo, v-i-vitty-vi, v-o--vovitty-vi-vo, v-u-voo-vitty-vi-vovoo-voo.

(15)

Old grandpa Willie yippee-i-ayed with the best, For he's a cowboy from the wild and

woolie west. W-i-wi, w-o-wo, w-i-witty-wi, w-owo-witty-wi-wo, w-u-woo-witty-wi-wo-woo-woo.

(16)

And Zelda came from Holland, inzi-She had to do her zinging with a Zuyder Zee

Z-i-zi, z-o-zo, z-i-zitty-zi, z-o-zo-zitty-zi-zo-zu-zoo-zitty-zi-zo-zoo-

(Duet 17)

Then Kenny got with Lillie in a strange duet

And sounded like a gruesome twosome from the "Met."

Klee-i-kli, klee-o-klo, klee-i-kittykli, klee-o-klo-klitty-kli-klo, kleeu-kloo-klitty-kli-klo-kloo-kloo.

(18 Suggestion)

(B-L)-Blee-i-bli-blee-o-blo, etc. (G-R)—Gree-i-gri-gree-o-gro, etc. (P-L)—Plee-i-pli-plee-o-plo, etc. Copyright 1941 by Chas. Rinker Music Pub. Co.

"MA, I MISS YOUR APPLE PIE"

By CARMEN LOMBARDO and JOHN JACOB LOEB

As Recorded By GUY LOMBARDODECCA DEAN HUDSONOKEH THE JESTERSDECCA

Verse

My brother Bill is in the army now We heard from him today His waistline's getting back to normal now Here's what he had to say:

Chorus

Ma, I miss your apple pie
Ma, I miss your stew
Ma, they're treating me all right
But they can't cook like you
Oh! Ma, nobody's spoiling me Like you used to do They won't let me stay In bed until noon At five forty-five They play me a tune
Oh! Ma, I miss your apple pie
And by the way, I miss you too.
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Broadway, New York City

SAILBOAT IN THE SKY

Words and Music By STEVE GRAHAM

As Recorded By
GUY LOMBARDO DECCA
KAY KYSER COLUMBIA

Verse

When Mother and Dad were young, They had a horsie and buggy to ride

Then came the automobile To cuddle side by side in. But things have changed and Love has arranged The Aeroplane to glide in

Chorus

Hi diddle diddle Hi diddle diddle
High in a little cabin we'll coo
In a sail-boat in the sky.
Hi diddle diddle
High in a little plane built for two
We'll go sailing in you and I
If you'll be the girl
And I'll be the feller
My head'll whirl
Like the Whirlwind propeller.
Hi diddle diddle Hi diddle diddle My ev'ry little dream will come true In a sail-boat in the sky. Copyright 1941 by Kaycee Music Company, Inc. International Copyright Secured

ONE IS NEVER TOO OLD TO SWING

Words by TINY GRIMES
Music by EDGAR BATTLE
As Recorded by CATS AND THE FIDDLE.....BLUEBIRD

Don't cha be afraid to swing it too When you feel the rhythm what'cha

gonna do
You'll be the king of ev'rything
'Cause one is never too old to swing
Don't cha' be a shy'n 'fraidy cat
If you're over thirty that's a killer jack
You'll be the king of ev'rything
'Cause one is never too old to swing.
O' let me tell ya' bout my mom
and non

and pop
Why they do the boogie woogie by
the clock

They turn the radio real low down The neighbors might hear them goin'to town

Get right in the groove and send yourself

If you have a worry put it on the shelf You'll be the king of ev'rything Cause one is never too old to swing Copyright 1941 Lewis Music Publishing Co., Inc.

Music by
CAESAR PETRILLO and EDWARD ROSS
Lyrics by NELSON SHAWN
Recorded by

DINAH SHORE Recorde
TEDDY POWELL
JIMMY DORSEY
JUDY GARLAND
ELLA FITZGERALD
BILLY HOLIDAY
TOMMY TUCKER
ART JARRETT
CLAUDE THORNHILL
LIM dosn't ever Jim doesn't ever bring me pretty flowers. Jim never tries to cheer my lonely Don't know why I'm so crazy for Jim. Jim never tells me I'm his heart's desire

desire
I never seem to set his love a-fire
Gone are the years I've wasted on him.
Sometimes when I get feeling low
I say "Let's call it quits."
Then I hang on and let him go
Breaking my heart in bits.
Some day I know that Jim will up
and leave me
But even if he does you can believe

But even if he does you can believe I'll go on carrying the torch for Jim. Copyright 1941 by Kaycee Music Co., Inc.

THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER

Lyrics by VAN LOMAN and MARTIN BLOCK

Music by AL FRISCH
As Recorded by
GLENN MILLER BLUEBIRD
EDDIE DUCHINCOLUMBIA
BARRY WOOD SAMMY KAYE
CHARLIE SPIVAKOKEH
I have a feeling that something is
wrong
This is not the way that things
should be
We've known each other too well and
too long
You don't have to act with me.

Chorus
THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER somehow I want to cry
I know your sweet and idle chatter really means good-bye
THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER I thought we'd never part
This is no time for pretty patter while you break my heart you break my heart
What of all the moon-dreams shared together Beside the garden wall Love can't always have that perfect weather A little rain must fall So think of the dreams you'll shatter If you should say we're through THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER, darling I'm in love with you.

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SATURDAY NIGHT

By ROBERT B. WRIGHT, ELTON L. HILL and EDWARD JOHNSON

As Recorded by
ALVINO REY. BLUEBIRD

FRANKIE MASTERS.... ...OKEH Saturday nite! Got a date for Saturday nite! I can't wait. We're Gonna have fun steppin' out when Saturday nite comes 'round Maybe we'll dance, see a show or Visit your aunts, but I know what-Ever we do we'll have fun when Saturday nite comes 'round Sunday I'll be alone again Ah, but then I can think about what a time I had on Saturday nite; you and me and Saturday nite; you and me and Kissin' good-night, yes-sir-ee we're Gonna have fun steppin' out when Saturday night comes 'round.

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OUR COVER GIRL



DINAH SHORE

ROM out of the Southland with a style of blues singing that is as infectious as her warm, amiable smile and her personal charm, has come Dinah Shore, the lovely girl who "starts fires by rubbing two notes to-

Dinah, at the moment is achieving more renown than ever through her recent Bluebird recording of "Jim" which is doing for her what the song "Bill" did for the late Helen Morgan. The lovely songstress made her metropolitan debut on a small station but soon appeared as a guest with

metropolitan debut on a small station but soon appeared as a guest with Rudy Vallee. Not long afterward she sang for the first time on the new Eddie Cantor series. She has been singing with the Cantor show ever since and, in addition, has a program of her own Sunday on the NBC-Blue network at 9:45 p.m., EST.

Perhaps the most significant indication of Dinah's quick rise to the top

tion of Dinah's quick rise to the top has been the 1940 poll of 600 radio editors conducted by the New York World-Telegram. Dinah was voted the

World-Telegram. Dinah was voted the outstanding new radio star of the year. Miss Shore, who was born in Winchester, Tenn., is the possessor of a B.S. degree in sociology which she received from Vanderbilt University in Nashville. Two years after she was out of school, she was singing on Broadway as a star attraction. She opened at the New York Paramount Theatre in August, 1940, and remained there until late in September. That week of her Broadway debut she was also signed by Cantor. She has since received a long-term renewal of her

also signed by Cantor. She has since received a long-term renewal of her Victor-Bluebird contract.

Dinah's introduction to professional singing was entirely unexpected. While studying voice back home, Dinah was invited by her teacher to WSM, where he had a regular program. Believing it just another lesson, when the tutor urged her to sing for him "during a lull", she did. Dinah later discovered it was actually an audition. Of course, she clicked and was signed to sing regularly on the Nashville station. She was heard over that station until she was graduated from Vanderbilt U., after which she headed for New York.

That was not quite three years ago.

That was not quite three years ago. In that short space of time, Dinah Shore has become the number one songstress in the country—the only girl with two sponsored radio programs weekly, not to mention her vastly popular Bluebird records, vastly popular Bluebird records, which have been consistent best

DO YOU CARE

Words By JACK ELLIOTT Music By LEW QUADLING

AS INCOTU		
BING CROSBY BOB CROSBY DELTA RHYTHM BOYS		PEGGA
BOB CROSBY		DECCA
DELTA RHYTHM BOYS	-	
SAM DONAHUE		BLUEBIRD
DINAH SHORE		BLUEBIKD
RAYMOND SCOTT		COLUMBIA
LES BROWN		OKEH

Verse

I've tried to make you realize How much you meant to me But still you've kept me in the dark Just what's the end to be?

Do you care? Is there a chance for me? Do you care?
I wish I knew;
Won't you try to confess
That you find happiness
In a tender caress The way I do? Do you care? That I am so in love? Please be fair You know it's true:
And just supposing I should say,
That I've a heart to share,
Would it matter at all, Do you care? Copyright 1941 by Campbell Music Co.

"A NEW SHADE OF BLUE"

Words By RUSS SMITH Music By JAMES FLORA

As							arente en la
JIMMY DORSEY .	41	 		 			DECCA
BOB CHESTER							BLUEBIRD

Verse

No more restless nights No headwinds to swerve my dream ship in it's flight My mood indigo is slowly changing To a newer truer bluer shade of blue

Chorus

I've got a diff'rent shade of blue in my song It's been a diff'rent hue since you came a-long
Blue that fills the skies Or shines from eyes Belonging to you
I'm in a diff'rent frame of mind I've
been told It's not be-cause I've struck a rich vein of gold Life began when you gave me A new shade of blue. Copyright 1939 Words and Music, Inc. Copyright Assigned 1941 to Sheldon-Mitchell Publishing Corp. International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.

JERSEY BOUNCE

Words by ROBERT B. WRIGHT Music by BOBBY PLATER, TINY BRADSHAW and EDWARD JOHNSON As Recorded by EARL HINES.....

They call it that Jersey bounce A rhythm that really counts
The temper'ture always mounts
Wherever they play the funny rhythm

they play It started on Journal Square It started on Journal Square
And somebody heard it there
He put it right on the air
And now you hear it ev'rywhere.
Uptown gave it new licks
Downtown added some tricks
Notown makes it sound the same
As where it came from
So if you don't feel so hot
Go out to some Jersey spot
And whether you're hep or not And whether you're hep or not The Jersey bounce'll make you

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Woody Herman **Decca Recording Artist**

ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

By RUDYARD KIPLING

(1) By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin',
and I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees,
an' the temple-bells they say:
"Come you back you British Come you back to Mandalay!"

Chorus

Come you back to Mandalay, Where the old Flotilla lay; Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay? On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like
thunder outer China 'cross the

(2) When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin'

Slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "Kuula-lo-lo!"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' her cheek again my cheek
We uster watch the steamers an' the hathis pilin' teak.

(3) An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' An there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Benk to Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year sodger tells:
"If you've 'eard the East a'callin', why, you won't 'eed nothin' else."

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else But them spicy garlic smells An' the sunshine an' the palmtrees an' the tinkly temple bells! On the road to Mandalay-

(4) Ship me somewhere east of Suez where the best is like the worst. Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst;

For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea—

"My Foolish Heart and I"

"TOP NOTCH" intends to bring you each month the complete piano score, words and music, of a real solid song which has all the earmarks of a "comer." With the literally thousands of songs from which to select, one can well imposine the amount of one can well imagine the amount of one can well imagine the amount of pondering, nail biting and chin scratching that went into the selection of this month's bet, "MY FOOLISH HEART AND I," by Harold Barlow, now Private Harold Barlow, of Fort Custer, Virginia.

Our selection seems to be vindicated between by the public and process.

cated, however, by the public's reception of the three recordings now on the market,

the market,
DICK ROGERS OKEH
WOODY HERMAN DECCA
SONNY DUNHAM BLUEBIRD
Our judgment is further fortified
by the genuine boost given this song
in "BILLBOARD'S recent review of Dick Rogers' recording.

M. H. Orodenker, writing for "BILLBOARD" says: "The 'FOOL-ISH' Ballad is a beaut that is highly commercial in appeal and has everything that it takes to soar the song heights. It is definitely worth a try."

Reviewing Woody Herman's recording of the same number in the November 15th edition of "BILLBOARD"

Mr. Orodenker again gives our selec-

ing of the same number in the November 15th edition of "BILLBOARD" Mr. Orodenker again gives our selection a great send off when he says: "And the light Herman's waxing sheds on it may go far in fostering its climb to the top of the ladder. A torch tune with a happy blend of simple melody and down-to-earth lyrics, the musical mood established by Herman and the band is extremely pleasant. —A highly commercial ballad beaut, Woody's interpretation gives it a polish that makes its possibilities for phono play ever bright."

TOP NOTCH SONGS is naturally anxious to know what our readers think of this new idea of publishing hit tunes in this magazine. Your comment is cordially invited, and your suggestions as to what melody to select next month will be most helpful.

Sonny Dunham **Bluebird Recording Artist**





Dick Rogers Okeh Recording Artist

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD **VIRGINNY**

By JAMES R. BLAND

Carry me back to old Virginny, There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow, There's where the birds warble sweet

in the Spring-time,
There's where the old darky's heart
am long'd to go;
There's where I labored so hard for
old Massa,

Day after day in the field of yellow corn. No place on earth do I love more

sincerely,
Than old Virginny, the state where
I was born.

Carry me back to old Virginny, There let me live 'till I wither and

decay,
Long by the old dismal swamp have
I wandered,
There's where this old darky's life

will pass away; Massa and Missis have long gone before me

Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore, There we'll be happy and free from

all sorrow, There's where we'll meet and we'll never part no more.

MY HEART REMEMBERS By SERGE WALTER, AL JACOBS

and PETER TINTURIN

I want to love, laugh and forget, But something inside disobeys, I found my soul caught in a net, Spun from our lost yesterdays. here was an old enchanted moon, There was a new born love, Somewhere among the flow'rs, Heaven was ours, But only for hours, My heart remembers how it learned to cry, That was the ev'ning when we said good-bye, And all the things that meant a lot,

Somehow your heart forgot. Copyright 1929 by Stasny Music Corp.

Smash Hit of 1942 My Foolish Heart And I

Words and Music by HAROLD BARLOW



Diagrams are for Guitar
Symbols are for Ukulele and Banjo

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The Andrew Sisters There seems to be no top to their popularity.

I WISH I HAD A DIME (For Ev'ry Time I Missed You)

By AL HOFFMAN, MANN CURTIS and JERRY LIVINGSTON As Recorded by

ANDREWS SISTERS......DECCA
BOB CHESTER.....BLUEBIRD

Verse

You ask me what I did and where I And how I spent each day away from

you. I don't know how to start to speak my

heart. But darling I was plenty blue.

Chorus

I wish I had a dime for ev'ry time I missed you

Baby, when you went away. I wish I had a dime for ev'ry time I kissed you

In my lonely dreams each day.

I could have had fun, but what did I do?

I stayed in bed, and read and read the letters from you.
Oh, if I had a dime for ev'ry time I

missed you Please believe me when I say

I'd be a millionaire today. Copyright 1941 by Kaycee Music Co., Inc.

KEEP THE STARS AND STRIPES **TOGETHER**

Lyries by
DENNIS MONACO
Music by
HAMPTON DUKAND and EDDIE DORR

Verse There are many men of many minds In this land of liberty, And many men of many kinds Who with me they all agree:

Chorus
Keep the stars and stripes together,
Where there's union there is might, Where there's union there is might,
Let our dreams live on forever,
And forever there'll be light.
In this land we love
Freedom we have found
In our grand old flag
That never touched the ground.
Keep the stars and stripes together
With a pray'r in your heart each
night. night. Copyright 1941 by Greater New York Music Corp.

I'M A LITTLE TEAPOT

As Recorded by
HORACE HEIDT
ART KASSEL Verse

"I am Napoleon" I've heard some

people say,
And often wondered how on earth
they got that way,
So I started searching through my
family tree
And this is what I found to be the

truth about me.

Chorus

Oh! I'm a little teapot short and stout, Here is my handle, here is my spout. When I get all steamed up then I

Just tip me over, pour me out. I'm a very clever pot it's true, Here's an example what I can do. Just tip me over, pour me out.

Polly put the kettle on and we'll all have tea

Grandma used to sing. Tho' since then our taste has changed

in so many ways
Yet to the pot we cling
Oh! I'm a little teapot short and stout, Here is my handle, here is my spout. I can change my handle or my spout Just tip me over pour me out.

2nd Verse

Two little dishes on a kitchen table

Each thought the other was so useless and so fat.

While they argued back and forth till

late in the night,
The teapot standing by would sing
with endless delight

Special chorus

First you put your right hand on your hip That makes the handle that you can

tip.

Then you make your left hand form the spout

To tip you over, pour you out.

Now let's see how clever you can be
Reverse position and you will see. You can change your handle and

your spout
To tip you over, pour you out.
You can change your handle and

You can change your handle and lean or stout
Doesn't mean a thing.
Now you know the way it's done, there should be no doubt
So ev'ry body shout
Oh! I'm a little teapot etc.

Continue as in 1st chorus Copyright 1941 by Kelman Music Corp.

YOGI, YOGI

(The Fakir Man)

By AL GOODHART, MEL WATERS and JOE HENRY

REGGIE CHILDS.....

When black magic first began There once lived a fakir man With a very special plan For passing all his days He'd sleep on a bed of nails And escape from guarded jails Said his system never fails He simply said this phrase Yogi yogi gotsum flotsum Tell it to the relatives Drip drip ho ho Yogi yogi oh that fakir man Copyright 1940 Lewis Music Publishing Co., Inc.

VIOLETS FOR YOUR FURS

Words by TOM ADAIR Music by MATT DENNIS

As Recorded by
TOMMY DORSEY.....VICTOR
ABE LYMAN....BLUEBIRD GENE KRUPA.....OKEH

Verse

It was winter in Manhattan, Falling snowflakes filled the air The streets were covered with a film

of ice
But a little simple magic that I'd
heard about somewhere
Changed the weather all around Just within a trice:

Chorus

I bought you violets for your furs And it was spring for a while, remember?

I bought you violets for your furs And there was April in that December The snow drifted down on the flowers And melted where it lay
The snow looked like dew on the
blossoms

As on a summer day
I bought you violets for your furs
And there was blue in the wint'ry
sky

You pinned the violets to your furs And gave a lift to the crowds passing bv

You smiled at me so sweetly Since then one thought occurs
That we fell in love completely
The day that I bought you violets for your furs.

Copyright 1941 by Embassy Music Corporation

I DREAMT I DWELT IN HARLEM

Words by ROBERT B. WRIGHT Music by JERRY GRAY, BEN SMITH and LEONARD W. WARE

ERSKINE BUTTERFIELD......DECCA I'm high Cause I Dreamt I dwelt in Harlem Rompin' Stompin' Like they do in Harlem The rhythm had me jumpin' it seems The jivin' sent me out of my dreams I'm high Cause I Dreamt I dwelt in Harlem Copyright 1941 Fowler Music Co.

Horace Heidt Tops as Usual



BY-U BY-O

(The Lou'siana Lullaby) By JACK OWENS, TED McMICHAEL and LEO V. KILLION

As Recorded by
FREDDY MARTIN.

As Recorded by
FREDDY MARTIN.

BLUEBIRD
WOODY HERMAN.

DECCA
MERRY MACS.

DECCA
KAY KYSER.

COLUMBIA
TOMMY DORSEY.

VICTOR
By-u, by-o, the Lou'siana lullaby
It's sweet and low,
You sing it as you rock-a-bye
By-u, by-o, the Lou'siana lullaby,
It's blue, I know
It makes the weepin' willow cry.
Each night by the light of the moonbeams beams

beams
I can hear it, calling softly,
It seems to whisper come back with
your June dreams,
Southland's waitin', Dixie wants me,
By-u, by-o, I wish I hadn't said
good-bye,
I love it so, the Lou'siana lullaby.

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THIS LOVE OF MINE

Words by FRANK SINATRA

TOMMY TUCKER OKEH
ELLA FITZGERALD STANLEY KENTON DECCA BOB CHESTER.....BLUEBIRD

Verse

Like the mountains that reach for the sky, Like the rivers that run to the sea:

Chorus

This love of mine, Goes on and on, Tho' life is empty Since you have gone, You're always on my mind, Tho' out of sight, It's lonesome thru the day, And oh! the night, And on! the fight,
I cry my heart out,
It's bound to break,
Since nothing matters,
Let it break, I ask the sun
And the moon, the stars that shine,
What's to become of it,
This love of mine This love of mine. Copyright 1941 by Embassy Music Corporation

Connie Boswell **Charmer of Millions**



YES INDEED!

Words and Music by SY OLIVER
As Recorded by
TOMMY DORSEY.....VI BING CROSBY & CONNIE BOSWELL DECCA THE CHARIOTEERS OKEH
TOMMY TUCKER
TEDDY POWELL BLUEBIRD
HARRY JAMES COLUMBIA

Yes indeed, yes indeed I've got that feelin' in me Yes indeed:

Chorus

You will shout when it hits you Yes indeed Yes you'll shout when it hits you Yes indeed
When the spirit moves you'll shout "Hallelujah"
When it hits you, you'll holla Yes indeed. Copyright 1941 by Embassy Music Corporation

I CARRY THE TORCH

Words and Music by MURIEL E. STREIT In New York Harbor stands a statue, A symbol of Victory. I too carry the torch, A symbol of misery.

You know I loved you,
Thought that you'd be mine;
That dream was divine,
But now I carry the torch.
Remember our love,
I thought it so strong,
Then she came along,
And now I carry the torch.
I thought our love could never be shattered. I thought our love could never be shattered,
This made my heart glow;
But now my heart is all torn and tattered,
Oh why did you have to go.
The years will come dear,
And the years will go,
Through them all perhaps you'll know Just why I carry the torch. Copyright 1941 by Greater New York Music Corp. "TWO PAIR OF SHOES"

Words and Music By KAY TWOMEY, DON GEORGE, TEDDY HALL As Recorded By
VAUGHN MONRO BLUEBIRD Verse

I was feeling kind of down Promenading 'round the town When I paused before a little jewelry Then somebody passing by Caught the corner of my eye So I paused and what do you think

Chorus Two pair of shoes
Were walking down the street
They were strangers yet
When their footsteps met They were swept right off their feet.

I saw . . .

Two pair of shoes Continued on their stroll In a little park
Where the path was dark
They were thrilled right to the soul.

Then one day they hit their stride And they paid a call Down at city hall When they left the knot was tied.

Just look at them now As close as they can be Two pair of shoes That belong to you and me. Copyright 1941 by Sheldon-Mitchell Pub. Corp.



Amy Arnell, featured with Tommy Tucker's Orchestra

I THINK OF YOU

JACK ELLIOT and DON MARCOTTE

TOMM	Y DORSEYVICTOR	
GENE	KRUPAOKEH	
WILL	BRADLEY COLUMBIA	
SHEP	FIELDSBLUEBIRD	

Verse

Here am I, all by myself again Alone with my memories:

In the hush of evening, As shadows steal across my lonely As shadows stear across my room
I think of you, I think of you (Oflovely you)
From afar the music of violins
Come softly thru the gloom
All I can do is think of you
Oh, I can see you standing there
before me
And I can hear you whisper you adore And I can hear you whisper you adore me

So when dusk is falling, I live again, the loveliness we knew I think of you, I think of you. Copyright 1941 by Embassy Music Corporation

DESERT MOON (Belle Lune)

By DENNIS MONACO, HAMPTON DURAND and (Smiling) EDDIE DORR Light of day has passed My heart's beating fast Desert moon you cast A spell over me.

Chorus

Desert Moon
While you're beaming from the blue
above dream of one I love Desert moon Star-lit sky It was on a sparkling night like this
One long and tender kiss—meant
good-bye
How can I forget the thrill in someone's arms
Where I lost my heart beneath the magic of your charms Desert moon Tell me if my dreams will be in vain Or will we meet again Desert moon. Copyright 1941 by Greater New York Music Corp.

THE FIRST ONE TO SAY GOOD-MORNING

(And the Last One to Say Good-Night)

Words and Music by
BERNIE WAYNE, BEN RALEIGH
AS Recorded By
This world could be
So heaven's So heavenly

If you would only give me the right To be the first one to say good-

morning
And the last one to say good-night.

Each day would seem Just like a dream You'd make the rainiest day look bright

If you're the first one to say goodmorning And the last one to say good-night

Sometimes things may go wrong Skies aren't always clear Darling, I'll get along Knowing that you're always near

The glory of Two hearts in love Will be forever my guiding light If you're the first one to say good-

morning
And the last one to say good-night.
Copyright 1941 by Keystone Music Co., 1619
Broadway, N. Y. C.

MY TREASURE

Words by BUDDY FEYNE Music by JAPPIE JUDD Mother darling hear me I'm rich when you are near me For you're my treasure mother dear Since I can remember When you held me on your knee When you held me on your knee
You've been loving sweet and tender
The world and all to me
Tho' your hair is gray now
You smile the same old way now
And make my troubles disappear
Who could pay for such a blessing
You are all that's worth possessing
For you're my treasure mother dear.
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A native of New York City, Bea Wain's first recollection is that she wanted to sing. Sure enough, at six she was already a radio star—on NBC's children's hour. She remained there several years. Today she has her own Monday Merry-Go-Round program Monday nights on the NBC-Blue network at 10 P.M., EST.

Bea Wain



LAMENT TO LOVE

tenderly, I loved you so, we were in ecstasy, I wished upon a star but I reached too far,

The night we met,
You promised to be true,
I can't forget
The thrill of loving you,
The dreams that we had planned
Were all made of sand, This is my Lament to Love.

This is my Lament to Love.

Never before, Never have I been So sad and blue, Wondering what to do, Wondering why, You said goodbye, to romance, My darling. The lonely night still finds me here

alone. There is no light to guide my footsteps home,

I only pray that you will come back some day, Ending my Lament to Love. Copyright 1941 by Roe-Krippene Music Pub-lishers, Inc., International Copyright Secured

A VISION OF LOVE Words and Music by LANNY ROSS

Once long ago I had a lovely dream, Its beauty seemed to take my breath Now thru the years I've awaited its return

Hoping that my song could make it stay.

Chorus Chorus

A vision of love has come to me
Commanding with all its pow'r;
Expression in verse and melody
Lest it change like the fading flow'r.
This vision of you and your lov'liness
Is shared by no flower that grows,
Vour smile gives the violat its Your smile gives the violet its tenderness

Your sweetness lends charm to the

Wherever good fortune may lead the way
Your vision will be at my side;
'Twill change all the shadows from

night to day. And dwell in my heart as my guide. Copyright 1938 by Stasny Music Corp.

HALF A HEART (Is Worse Than None) Words and Music by LESTER BLOSSOM As Recorded by SAM DONOHUE......BLUEBIRD You don't have to say it in so many

I know our romance is thru, For darling, your eyes speak louder than words,

What is there left to do?

Half a Heart is worse than none, There were two in love, But now there's just one, Kisses that made my world complete, Now have turned, Bitter sweet.

Darling, So I guess it's time to part, Let me thank you for the use of your heart.

Ours was a short love and a merry

But Half a Heart is worse than none. Copyright 1941 by Roe-Krippene Music Pub-lishers, Inc., International Copyright Secured



Lanny Ross

IDOL OF A MILLION FANS

Seattle, Washington, is justly proud of one of its most famous products, Lanny Ross, singing star of the Columbia Broadcasting System, whose voice is heard on the network five nights each week. Aviation enthusiasts keep a record of their hours in the air. A record of Lanny's "hours on the air" proves him to be the ace of them all, for ever since he first established himself as a radio star, he has constantly been in demand. been in demand.

been in demand.

Lanny's activities at Yale were not confined to the College Glee Club. The speed he developed as a member of Old Eli's track team enables him to keep up with his strenuous schedule in New York. When one considers the amount of time consumed in the endless rehearsals for his five CBS programs each week, together with his schedule as a Victor recording artist, not to mention his concert work, it is easily seen that his 'speed' and 'stamina' are equally as important to him as his musical background.

Lanny's early musical training is sufficient proof that his stellar place in the radio firmament has been reached by merit alone, and is not due

m the radio firmament has been reached by merit alone, and is not due to any "break" as he sometimes modestly puts it. His mother was a musician of note, whose own career carried her from her start as a music teacher to be the accompanist of the Immortal Pavlowa. Accompanying his father, an accomplished violinist, early accurstomed Lanny to the rigors early accustomed Lanny to the rigors of road tours. His success, it would seem, can be attributed to his natural talent, his early background, plus the long hours he still spends in practice with his voice teacher.

Writing songs is Lanny's hobby. One of his finest, "A VISION OF LOVE," appears on this page.

We Recommend LANNY ROSS'S Recording Henenenenenenenenenenenek



Jacques Barri (Ludovic Huot)

Jacques Barri, better known in Canada by his French name, Ludovic Huot, is a French-Canadian singing star blessed with a rich, high baritone voice. He became one of the most popular artists on the Canadian networks with his program "An Evening In Paris."

Jacques also sang with Eddie Duchin's orchestra at the famous Cocoanut Grove in Hollywood, which led to appearances in principal theatres, hotels and night spots from coast to coast. Decca has signed him to record popular hits in French, his native tongue, and his French record-

native tongue, and his French recordings have already built up a great following both here and abroad.

Jacques is a versatile writer and composer, composing the French lyrics to the popular hits he records for Decca. He recently composed and recorded the "VICTORY SONG," appearing elsewhere in this issue. TOP recorded the "VICTORY SONG," appearing elsewhere in this issue. TOP NOTCH SONGS takes pleasure in here presenting the French lyrics of the Season's Biggest Hit, PIANO CONCERTO IN B_b MINOR (Down Thru the Years) as composed and recorded by Jacques:

LE CHEMIN D'AMOUR

Chemín d'amour Doux souvenir enivrant, Je me souviens de ces jours Et ton sourire si charmant, Sí tu veux ce soir chérie Retournons vers ce chemín, Et restons y pour la víe
Car c'est bíen la notre destín,
Tant Qu'il y'aura des étoiles d'ors au
fírmament,
Y'aura dans nos deux coeurs un

amour très ardent C'est bien le chemin d'amour Que nous suivrons tous les deux Même quand nous serons vieux, Pour toujour nous serons heureux. Copyright 1941 by Stasny Music Corp.

JACQUES BARRI'S RECORDING OF "THE VICTORY SONG" AND "LE CHEMIN D'AMOUR"

(THE CONCERTO)
BOTH IN FRENCH in heheneneneheneneheneh THE VICTORY SONG

("V" Pour La Victoire)
French Version by
JACQUES BARRI (LUDOVIC HUOT)
Words and Music by BILLY ECKSTEIN Here's something new Should int'rest you, You'll like it, You'll want it, Got rhythm too, It's "V" for VICTORY.

Chorus
There's a "V" and an "I" and a "C"
"T" "O" "R" "Y," That spells VICTORY, yes VICTORY. You'll be sure if you try, and you say you'll do or die,
It means VICTORY, yes VICTORY!
And your motto is "keep working fast" And the emblem, three dots and a Make the "V" and the "I" and the "C" "T" "O" "R" "Y"

Voila cest l'heur Chantons en choeur, Ce refrain Plein d'entrain Jusqu'a la fin, C'est pour la VICTOIRE

Avec "V", avec "I" avec "C" "T" "O"
"I" "R" "E"
On gagn' la VICTOIRE, oui la
VICTOIRE.
Aidez à nos soldats ces brav's a franchir le pas, ers cette VICTOIRE Out VIC-TOIRE! TOIRE!
Notre devise "ALLONS DE L'AVANT"
Allons y tous courageusement
Faites du "V" et du "I" et du "C" "T"
"O" "I" "R" "E"
Gu'un but, la VICTOIRE!
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THE CLARINET POLKA (Will Tingle-Ingle in Your Heart) By NELSON COGANE and DENES AGAY

Chorus With a tingle-ingle in your heart,

You're arm in arm with your sweetheart:

You tingle-ingle with romance, As 'round and 'round the floor you dance

The toodle-oodle of the clarinet instills a thrill you can't forget;
And when the night is gone, this dance will linger on.
And the tingle-ingle in your heart.

Trio

Oh, that melody when the clarinets sing, how you tingle-ing;
Oh, that melody it's the voice of spring and ev'rything;
Sway your cares away to the music that blends with your mood somehow; So tell the band to play The Clarinet Polka now.

Second Chorus With a tingle-ingle-ingle in your

heart You're arm in arm with your sweetheart: You tingle-ingle with romance, As 'round and 'round the floor you

dance;
The toodle-oodle-oodle of the clarinet
Instills a thrill you can't forget
And when the night is gone, this
dance will linger on,
And tingle-ingle in your heart,
And tingle-ingle in your heart.

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JOLTIN' JOE DI MAGGIO

Music By BEN HOMER Words By ALAN COURTNEY As Recorded By

BOB CHESTER BROWN OKEH
He started baseball's famous streak That's got us all aglow, He's just a man and not a freak; Joltin' Joe Di Maggio.

Joe Joe Di Maggio, We want you on our side.

He tied the mark at forty-four, July the first you know, Since then he's hit a good twelve more;
Joltin' Joe Di Maggio.
Joe Joe Di Maggio,
We want you on our side.

From coast to coast that's all you hear Of Joe the one man show,
He's glorified the horsehide sphere;
Joltin' Joe Di Maggio.
Joe Joe Di Maggio, We want you on our side.

He'll live in baseball's hall of fame, He got there blow by blow, Our kids will tell their kids his name; Joltin' Joe Di Maggio. We dream of Joey with the light brown bat. Joe Joe Di Maggio, We want you on our side.

And now they speak in whispers low, And now they speak in whispers lov Of how they stopped our Joe, One night in Cleveland, oh-oh-oh; Goodbye streak Di Maggio, Joe Joe Di Maggio, We want you on our side. Copyright 1941 by Alan Courtney Music Co.

THE OLD VILLAGE BAND By ALLAN ROBERTS, MAUDE JOY and LEON CARR

The old village band was the best in the land
As they played in the old village square A bit out of tune but there under the moon The song in our hearts didn't care.
We never could dance to the old
village band But for love and romance they were grand
Now each time I hold you near Deep in my heart I hear The strains of the old village band. Copyright 1936 Lewis Music Publishing Co., Inc.

Helen O'Connell



YOU AIN'T NOWHERE

Words by DON REDMAN Music by LOUIE JORDAN

DON REDMAN.....BLUEBIRD LOUIE JORDAN.....DECCA If you think you're doing right
When I work all day-and you stay
out all night Babe you ain't got nothin' there in You ain't nowhere
If you think I'm gonna cry
When I know you're high and so am I
Babe you ain't got nothin' there in fact
You ain't nowhere
Makes no diff'rence what you do
When we're far part
But when we're together
You've got to look out for my heart You've got to look out for my heart If you think that I'm a fool And I didn't learn nothin' while I was in school Babe you ain't got nothin' there in fact

You ain't nowhere. Copyright 1940 Lewis Music Publishing Co., Inc. THE GENERAL AND THE **PRIVATE**

By BRADFORD BROWNE and IRVING BIBO Verse

This is the story of General Smith and Private Jones and a girl named Ann,
She was loved by the General, but she
loved the other man,
Then came a day when the Gen'ral
found that Private Jones stole his

girl away,
Things looked bad for the Private
from what they heard the General sav.

oh, the Gen'ral told the "kernal" and the "kernal" told the major, The Major told the Captain and the Captain told the Sergeant and the Sergeant told the Private that the Gen'ral, yes the Gen'ral said: "Bring my sweetie back to me" Then the Private told the Corp'ral and the Corp'ral told the Sergeant, The Sergeant told the Captain and the Captain and the Captain and the Major and the Major told the "kernal", The "kernal" told the Gen'ral that the Private, yes the Private said: "She's not coming back to you", Then the Gen'ral told the Private, "Bring her back to me, or say, "Bring her back to me, or say, I'll cook your goose and put you in the hoose-gow", Then the Private told the Gen'ral,

"Sir, I married her today,
"So what's the use, you better turn
me loose now".
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AMERICA WE ALL LOVE YOU
By JOE F. WEBER, JOHN REDMOND,
CHARLES J. McCARTHY and EDDIE DORR Home sweet home land, Land of the

Heaven's own land, the only place to be, The breezes sing "Let Freedom Ring" Thru hills and lakes and dells,

My home sweet home land Here's what America spells:

Chorus "A" for our Army and Navy,
"M" for our men so true;
"E" for equality for ev'ry one,
"R" for our rights and
"I" stands for Independence,
"C" for our country's courage,
"A" for allegience to the Red, White and Blue, That's what America stands for, And America we all love you. Copyright 1939 by Stasny Music Corp.

GEE, BUT I'M LONESOME TONIGHT

By MICKEY GUY

Verse

I got your letter saying you were through It breaks my heart to know that I've lost you,
You say I'm just like the rest
And our parting was for the best.

Chorus

Gee but I'm lonesome tonight,
And I miss all the bliss of our first
sweet kiss.
Gee but I'm lonesome tonight,

Although you were wrong it was I took the blame
Why couldn't you do the same?
But it seems in my dreams you'll come back alright,

Gee but I'm lonesome tonight. Copyright 1930 by Bibi-Lang, Inc. Assigned to Stasny Music Corp.

YA GOTTA HAVE LOVE

Lyric by JIMMIE FRANKLIN Music by TONY SACCO

Stop sleepin'! Wake up! Romance is on the air, Stop sleepin'! Get up! Come on and get your share.

Chorus

Ya gotta have love
If you wanna be happy,
Ya gotta have love
If you wanna chase the blues.
Blue skies will come
When that love appears,
Dark clouds will fade, Gloom will disappear. Ya gotta have love, Ya gotta have love,
If you wanna be gay
Ya gotta have moonlight
That's your vitamin "A",
So just stop wastin' time
Come on and fall in line.
If you wanna be happy,
Ya gotta have love.
Copyright 1941 by Jimmie Franklin



Do you know "Scrub Me Mamma"???

"THAT DID IT, MARIE"

Words and Music By
FRED MEADOWS, IRENE HIGGINBOTHAM
As Recorded by
BENNY GOODMAN......OKEH

Verse I'm a hepster yes sir-ree
Don't mistake it Bud
Yet I admit 'twas quite some time
Before I really dug

Chorus I was an ickie couldn't get in the

groove
"Til this old band began to move
Re-dit-dit, re-dit-dit—dee yeah
That did it, Marie The heat was rising to a hundred and

five When all the cats gave out the jive Re-dit-dit, re-dit-dit—dee, yeah That did it, Marie

Dig that sax you jumpin' Jacks
And does that eighty-eighter send ya
Jump, jump, jump it to that trumpet
Satch is gonna blow a batch o'riff, biff
They called me Squarie when I
walked in at eight
But twelve o'clock they called me
Gate

Gate

Re-dit-dit, re-dit-dit—dee, yeah That did it, Marie. Copyright 1941 by Sheldon-Mitchell Publishing

MY HEART'S IN THE RED

By BILLY HAYES and HERBERT MILLER

Verse

The biggest corporation, the smallest business firm Must always try to balance, what they owe and earn I may sound meticulous, perhaps a bit ridiculous But I have checked my heart beats And this is what I learn.

My heart's in the red
And now I.O.U. my love
You went to my head
It must have been the moon above
Now mind you my darling I have no regret I promise to pay you Every cent of my debt

My heart's in the red My heart's in the red
And so I'll pay you with love
No tears will be shed
But smiles will greet the days ahead
But since every debtor
Must have time to pay
I'll pay on installments
With a bug one of the bug one of the lower than the state of the state With a hug and a kiss each day. Copyright 1941 by Billy Hayes

MAMA

She was just a girl from Brooklyn She had suitors by the score One of them was very rich, His age just fifty-four He'd call her for a date each night, And when she'd turn him down, He'd make his plea soulfully And this is how he'd sound:

Chorus

Oh, Mama, Mama, Mama, You're gonna be the death of me Mama, Mama, Mama, Why do I get the third degree I took you to a night club And bought you pink champagne You went home in a taxi cab I took the subway train I took the subway train O Mama, Mama, Mama, Why treat me like an eskimo I like to spend my money But confidentially Oh Mama, Mama, Mama,

flying much too high, Mama, mama, mama, I always get an alibi I love to buy your feathers, my little

chickadee
But mama, mama, mama, you'll make
a pauper out of me.

Mama, mama, mama, want me to take you on a trip
Mama, mama, mama, I wish that you
would relax your grip
You say you want to travel the U. S. A.

first rate

No matter where you make me go, I'm in an awful state, ah Mama, mama, mama, I'll have to buy you all new clothes

Mama, mama, mama, dresses and hats and hats and hose
I'll buy myself a barrel for I can plainly see

That mama, mama, mama, you'll make a pauper out of me.

Mama, mama, mama, you'll have to travel real first class Mama, mama, mama, I wish I had a

railroad pass



Dope, how many times must I tell you not to hang your fiddle on the meat hook?

You'll make a pauper out of me.

Additional Choruses

Mama, mama, mama, why d'ya be so mean to me?

Mama, mama, mama, why do you keep me up a tree?

I sent a diamond bracelet, but you were so blase

You sent it back because it didn't come

from Cartier.

Mama, mama, mama, am I the guy that girls forget? Mama, mama, mama, am I a butler or

a "Rhett"? Your taste is so expensive, that I can

guarantee, Oh mama, mama, mama, you'll make a pauper out of me.

Mama, mama, mama, you were a panic at Palm Beach

Mama, mama, mama, you got a figure, what a peach
But when I put my suit on, the crowd began to laugh
I heard the lifeguard yell, "Hooray, here comes the fatted calf"

Mama, mama, mama, you know you're

I'll have to buy you luggage, some baggage that is swank
I'll get two bags beneath my eyes from running to the bank

Mama, mama, mama, out on a ranch we'll ride and rope

Mama, mama, mama, Oh you're not stringing me I hope I'm rounding up my dollars, for I

can plainly see
That mama, mama, mama, you'll
make a pauper out of me.
Copyright 1941 by Encore Music Pub. Co., Inc.

THE STILLS IN THE HILLS By CHARLES McCARTHY, JOHN REDMOND and LEE DAVID Oh, the stills in the hills are still

tonight;

And there ain't any smoke or flame; Oh, the stills in the hills are still tonight,

Ever since the revenuers came; Pappy fought 'em, but they caught

'im, And they brought him to the jail by the ears;

the stills in the hills are still tonight.

THE SANTA CLAUS PARADE By TONY SACCO, BOBBY BURNS and JIMMIE FRANKLIN

I've got good news for little tots all over the land,
I've got good news for hottentots from old Dixie-land.

I'm authorized to put you wise 'cause Santa told me to,

He said for me to tell you that he plans on meeting you.

Chorus come on, and join the Come on, cavalcade,

cavalcade,
Let's see the Santa Claus Parade.
There'll be Shirley Temple, Mickey
Mouse and Donald Duck, too,
Come on and watch your favorite
dolls parade for you.
Come on and sing, a Christmas Sere-

nade
And watch the Santa Claus Parade.
There'll be Popeye sailors riding trailers, waving at you.
Tin soldiers march as stiff as starch and pass in review.
The kids will all be laughing at the funny things they do,
Let's see the Santa Claus Parade.
Copyright 1937 by Sacco, Burns and Franklin

THIS MONTH'S FEATURE SONG

On the following three pages TOP NOTCH SONGS brings you the complete piano score, words and music of the melody that is sweeping the country, Tschaikowsky's Piano Concerto in Bo Minor (Down thru the years). Žionononononenskih kalendi

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU

Lyrics by HAL HOWARD Music by KEN WALTON Verse

I have heard that ev-ry girl wants love to come her way
But you're the big exception,
You want love to stay away:

Chorus

What is the matter with you?
Why do you act like you do?
Give me a chance to show you romance, don't be independent.
What is a feller to do?
When he finds someone like you?
You'd never miss just one little kiss at all at all.

at all.

Now maybe you were told that you hadn't oughter

Instead of "yes" your mother must have said "No, my daughter"

This is a fine howdy-do.

What is the matter with you?

Just make a start

Give with your heart and live.

Copyright 1941 by Clef Music Co.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES Words and Music By MOLLIE LEE, FRANK LAMARR, DICK DIXON

I can't believe your eyes
They tell so many lies
Altho' you say your love will stay
I can't believe your eyes
You thrilled me from the start
I gladly gave my heart
I love you so altho' I know
I can't believe your eyes
I worship and adore you,
You say you love me too,
And yet each time I look at you
I wonder if it's true You swear that I'm the one,
The one you idolize
But still somehow I simply can't I can't believe your eyes Copyright 1941 by Keystone Music Co., 1619 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Concerto-in-B_b Minor



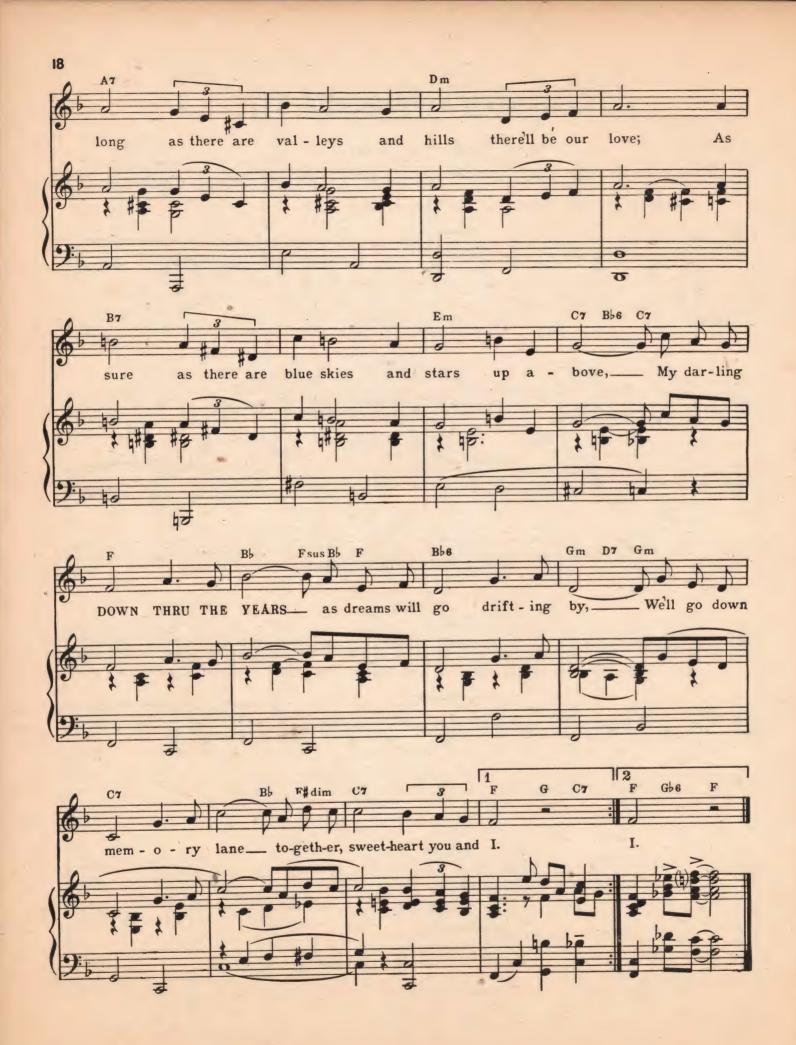
Down Thru The Years

Adapted from Tschaikowski's Piano Concerto No.1



"Country's Biggest Hit"





TUXEDO JUNCTION

Words by BUDDY FEYNE Music by ERSKINE HAWKINS, WILLIAM JOHNSON and JULIAN DASH

	As Recorded by
GLENN	MILLERBLUEBIRD
GENE E	KRUPACOLUMBIA
AL DO	NAHUEVOCALION
HARRY	JAMESOKEH

Chorus

Way down South in Birmingham I mean South in Alabama's an old place

Where people go to dance the night

They all drive or walk for miles
To get jive that Southern style . . .
S-low jive
That makes you want to dance till

break of day . . . It's a Junction, where the town folks meet . . .

At each function, in their tux they

greet you.

Come on down, forget your care.

Come on down, you'll find me there.

So long town! I'm heading for Tuxedo Junction now.

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BAY STATE SHUFFLE

Words and Music By BILLY FABER, MAL HALLETT, ED STRESS

The Bay State Shuffle is easy to do, From Old New England, it's something new.

Just pay attention, and soon you will

find,
That this Massachusetts shuffle will stay in your mind.

You place your two hands together and then, You slap them one time, and then

again,

You face your partner and then

stamp your feet, It's the Bay State Shuffle, brother, just keep on the beat.

Place an arm upon your partner's shoulder,
Then twist and turn, and shuffle and

hold her, Turn around, repeat the same ma-

neuvre.

Keep slapping and stamping and slid-ing along.

The Bay State Shuffle is really the tops, And once you start it you'll never

So keep on gliding and sliding all day, For the Bay State Shuffle, brother, is now here to stay.

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I'M SHAKING HANDS WITH THE MOON

Words and Music by BILLY HAYES and FRED WISE

Chorus I'm shaking hands with the moon Say, how do you do
I'm making friends with the moon
I know he's fond of me too
He's helping me out tonight
By hiding his face while I hold you tight
We'll say goodbye to the moon
He's leaving, you see
And he'll be vanishing soon Behind the sycamore tree
Then we'll be alone
And all our dreams will come true
I'm shaking hands with the moon With my arms around you. Copyright 1940 by Billy Hayes

YOU'RE MORE AMOROUS (Than Glamorous)

Words and Music by
GILBERT ROE and KENNETH KRIPPENE
No matter what you read today,
It's glamor for the lady, But when the moon comes out tonight I'll whisper to my baby:

You're more amorous than glamorous, No matter what you say, And baby, won't you stay that way. You're more dutiful than beautiful, No matter how you feel, And baby, that's your great appeal.

You'll never qualify for the Miss America prize. But my heart does the Rhumba when

I look into your eyes. You're more amorous than glamorous

in everything you do, And baby, that's why I love you. Copyright 1941 by Roe-Krippene Music Pub-lishers, Inc., International Copyright Secured



Glenn Miller

TILL THE SUN SETS IN THE EAST
By SAMMY GALLOP and NORMAN LITMAN
Till the sun sets in the East
Darling I'm yours.

Till it rises in the West, Darling I'm yours.
Till the stars shine at noon,
And orchids bloom on the moon,
Till Christmas comes in June, I'll live to love you. Till a kiss has lost its thrill, I'll be your own, Till the hands of time stand still, I'm yours alone. Until day is night, Until wrong is right, Till eternity at least, You'll be the one, Till the sun sets in the East. Till the sun sets in the East Darling I'm yours,
Till it rises in the West,
This will hold true.
Till the sphinx wears a smile,
And ice bergs float down the Nile, When this comes true, Then I'll no longer love you. Till the rivers flow up hill, I'll care for you, Till the echoes are still, I will be true. Until low is high, And the sea runs dry,

Till the most becomes the least

You'll be the one, Till the sun sets in the East. Copyright 1941 by Kaycee Music Co., Inc.

I'M A LONELY SOLDIER WAITING

WAITING

Lyries by

HELEN L. TORRENCE

Music by

HELEN L. TORRENCE and J. J. ARLING
I'm a lonely soldier waiting,
For the song that has to be
And why should I be hating
Just this kind of melody.
I'm the one whose heart is breaking
When I kiss my girl good-bye.
Yet the army will be making me
A better sort of guy.
In an hour I'll be going
On a soldier's long, long way
And my darling will be knowing
How I miss her ev'ry day.
But new dreams will come to bring us
The old love we had before,
And our singing now will swing us
To the time we'll meet once more.

2nd Chorus: for Girl I'm the girl whose heart is aching When I kiss my boy good-bye, I'm wise-cracking and I'm shaking, I'm wise-cracking and I'm snaking,
For he must not see me cry.
I'm the girl he's always missing,
Ev'ry letter tells me- so,
It won't take the place of kissing,
But of course he has to go.
In an hour he'll be leaving
For the year he has to stay,
And I could be always grieving
Ev'ry place we used to play I won't let my hair start greying, And my smile will be the same When I hear the music playing, I'll be singing just his name.

3rd Chorus We're the thousands that are waiting We're the thousands that are waiting
For a song that has to be . . .
Yet why should we all be hating
Just to sing this melody.
We all know our hearts are breaking
When we have to say good-bye
And each one of us is faking
A big smile that is a lie.
In an hour we'll be going
On a different parting way In an nour we'll be going
On a different parting way,
But we're keeping cheerful, knowing
This will soon be yesterday.
Bright new dreams will come to bring

The old love we had before . . And our singing now will swing us To the time we'll meet once more. Copyright 1941 by Clef Music Co.

IF I GO

Words and Music by MILTON LEEDS and BILLY HAYES

Verse

It's such a shock to realize that we are thru My world is crumbling and there's nothing I can do I've learned today that you're sending me away.

Chorus

search thru your heart
And say that we really must part
If I go this is the end, reconsider my
dear If I go this is good-bye, can you Before all our dreams disappear.

It's all so unfair this thing that you do Ending a perfect romance.
You can't shrug it off and just say
that we're thru At least I deserve one more chance.

If I go this is good-bye, If you want it that way And you're ready to call it a day there's nothing more I can Copyright 1941 by Billy Hayes

own

RIO NIGHTS

By ELMER VINCENT and FISHER THOMPSON

When night has fallen down in dear

old Rio,
Down in dreamy old Brazil;
The stars begin to shine, and one that

I call mine, Just waits for me, I know she loves

me still. The fleecy clouds like mantles hide the hilltops,
There beside the southern sea;

At this bewitching hour Beneath an old rose bower, Somebody there is lonesome just for

Rio nights are full of splendor, When the tropic moon is in the sky, I keep growing fonder, Ev'ry time I wander, With a maid who is sweet and shy,

Romantic Rio weaves a spell around vou: Golden hours we spent so bright and

You just want to spoon, Parting comes too soon; When you linger down that Rio way. Copyright 1922 by A. J. Stasny Music Co.

SHAKE HANDS WITH A **MILLIONAIRE**

By JACK SCHOLL, IRVING BIBO and MAX RICH

Verse

It was there on the corner where I first saw him, Clothes all tattered, a battered hat on

his head. When I asked him if I could do some-thing for him

He just smiled his thanks and then he said:

Chorus

Walking down the streets in ragged clothes is not a joke,
People point me out and call me "beggar" 'cause I'm broke,
But there's one little lad, and he calls me "dad",
Shake hands with a millionaire.
Let the others have their fancy food and dine with wine. and dine with wine,

I can always feast my eyes upon that kid of mine.

I have one loaf to share, and someone to care,

Shake hands with a millionaire.
I'm rich with sunshine that his smiles
and kisses have brought me, His eyes are little gems that sparkle

with joy.

There's nothing in this world that gold could have brought me

To take the place of my laddie boy.

What if I'm a beggar, and who cares what people say?

Who knows but tomorrow I might see

a better day?
Tho' I'm not worth a thing,
To him I'm a king,
Shake hands with a millionaire. Copyright 1933 by Bibo-Lang, Inc. Assigned to Stasny Music Corp.

PRETTY KITTY KELLY

Words and Music by HARRY PEASE and ED. G. NELSON

Somewhere in Ireland far over the sea, A sweet little colleen is waiting for

When I went away I said it won't be long, Sure all day it's me who keeps singing

this song.

Chorus

I wrote a letter to Kitty my own, And told her that I'd soon be starting for home,

I know when she reads it, 'twill sure make her smile,

Oh, Faith, and I can't help but sing all the while. Copyright 1920 by A. J. Stasny Music Co.

THE GIRL IN THE LITTLE GREEN HAT

By JACK SCHOLL, BRADFORD BROWNE and MAX RICH

Verse

Listen to the breezes in the treezes, Harken to the breezes in the treezes, Harken to the grass upon the lawn, Listen to the mices in the pantry, Harken to the breaking of the dawn. Ooh! Ooh! Heavens above! Aah! Aah! I'm in love Harken to the breaking of the dawn.

Chorus

There's a lake in the park, There's a house by the lake, There's a girl in the house in the park by the lake,

by the lake,
And the girl in the house by the lake
in the park,
Is the girl in the little green hat.
And tonight after eight, that's when
I've got a date,
When the moon's riding high, and the
stars light the sky,
With the girl in the house by the lake
in the park

in the park,
The girl in the little green hat.
There's no water in the lake, there's no roof upon the house,

No trees in the park at all, But she'll wait beside the lake, I'll be welcome at her house, I'll meet her by the garden wall. There's a ship on the lake,
There's a sailor on the shore,
There's a girl in his arms, she's the
girl I adore,

So good-bye to the house by the lake in the park, And the girl in the little green hat. Copyright 1938 by Bibo-Lang, Inc. Assigned to Stasny Music Corp.

AM I WASTING MY TIME ON YOU?

By HOWARD JOHNSON and IRVING BIBO Worried and blue, All, over you, Pleading for love, but in vain. How I've implored,

Will my reward, Be only heartaches and pain?

Chorus

Am I wasting my time
By thinking you're mine,
And dreaming the way that I do.

Am I wasting the tears,
I've cried all these years,
Just wond'ring if your love is true.

Will I lose in the end,
And just be a friend,
Please tell me,
It's time that I knew.

Will my heart have to pay,
Will you send me away, Chorus Will you send me away, Am I wasting my time on you?

Dear, when you smile, Things are worth while, All that I've done is repaid. But when you frown, Gloom comes around, My dreams of love always fade. Copyright 1926 by Bibo and Bloeden Assigned to Stasny 1935

ROSE DREAMS

By J. R. SHANNON and A. J. STASNY

Silent and golden the sun rays appear, Birds sing a carol gay, The hills and the valley re-echo their At the birth of a new born day.

Morning

Dew drops are sparkling on each blushing rose, The brook in the bright sunlight

gleams; Soft breezes are calling, where nature's at play,

the wonderful Land of Rose In the Dreams.

Evening

Shadows are falling, the woodland is

The song birds are seeking their nest; While blossoms are nodding in tender repose,

As the sun slowly sinks in the West.

Night

Bright stars are gleaming high in the heavens,

Softly the moon floods the earth with her beams;

Night spreads her mantle, all nature is sleeping As we journey in slumber to the Land

of Rose Dreams. Copyright 1927 by A. J. Stasny Music Co.

THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU

By CARL O. BERGNER Verse

How many times, In many climes,
In many climes,
My love has gone astray,
But at last I have learned,
Why I have yearned,
Once and for all to say

Chorus
There'll never be another you,
There'll never be a heart so true,
This world will be like heaven
While you and I go smiling through,
No matter what the years may do,
Our skies will be forever blue,
My heart is always telling me anew,
There'll never be another you.
Convright 1927 by Adirondack Songs, Inc. Copyright 1927 by Adirondack Songs, Inc. Assigned to Stasny Music Corp.

AFTER ALL I'VE BEEN TO YOU BY CHARLES O'FLYNN, JOHN REDMOND and LEE DAVID

Verse

Darling I hope I'm dreaming, Somehow it can't be true; Darling if I'm not dreaming, I don't know what I'll do.

Chorus Chorus
I can't believe that ev'rything is over,
Can't believe that we are really thru;
You're saying good-bye,
But I don't know why,
After all I've been to you,
Today you passed by just like a stranger,
Like somebody that you never knew,
At least you can try to go smiling by,
After all I've been to you;
'Twould only take one kiss to make
This old world sweet again;
The stars tonight could make things Why can't we meet again? Remember how you used to call me sweetheart? That's one thing I thought you'd always do;
Is this how it ends?
We're not even friends
After all I've been to you.
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FORGET IF YOU CAN

Words and Music by DAVE OPPENHEIM and MAX RICH What is this change that's come over you, Is it a change for somebody new, If you'd be happy
Because you are free,
I'd gladly say dear,
Don't mind about me.

Chorus

Forget if you can, a heart that just lives for you can, a heart that just lives for you, A heart that never could be untrue Forget if you can, Forget if you can the kiss you gave with such tenderness

The kiss that brought so much happi-Forget if you can. Remember the night we strolled together, So in love and such a happy pair, We promised that we'd go on like this forever,
Don't say the thrill is no longer there,
Forget if you can
All the things we planned to do
Hand in hand that should have come true, Forget if you can.

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LULLABY LAND

By FRANK DAVIS and M. PRIVAL Lullaby Land,
Lullaby Land,
Memories linger yet,
Those golden days of childhood,
Somehow I cannot forget.

Chorus

When the night time comes stealing, In the long, long ago, Mother's arms would caress me, While she sang sweet and low:
"Rockabye, rockabye, my angel child,"
That melody was so grand,
Baby days were full of sunshine,
Back in Lullaby Land. Copyright A. J. Stasny Music Co.

I WALKED BACK FROM THE BUGGY RIDE

By HUB ADAMS, WEB CURTSINGER and IRVING BIBO

Mary, Mary quite contrary's
Feeling mighty sore,
She had a date with Billy Waite
And didn't get home till four.
The girls all tho't she made a hit
And asked her how and why,
Then Mary hung her petty head and
started in to cry:

Chorus

I walked back from the buggy ride, The buggy ride, the buggy ride, I walked back from the buggy ride, I hiked thru hills and dales, I'd fall for you, I heard him say,
(So) I knocked him flat and let him
lay (then) I walked back from the buggy ride, Cause horses carry tails.

I walked back from the buggy ride, The buggy ride, the buggy ride, I walked back from the buggy ride, I hiked thru hills and dales, I found out quickly from that sheik, He only made twelve bucks a week, So I walked back from the buggy ride, Cause horses carry tails.

I walked back from the buggy ride,
The buggy ride, the buggy ride,
I walked back from the buggy ride,
I hiked thru hills and dales,
I really thought the boy was live
But all he did was drive and drive
So I walked back from the buggy ride, 'Cause horses carry tails.

I walked back from the buggy ride, The buggy ride, the buggy ride, I walked back from the buggy ride, I hiked thru hills and dales, I said, stop or I'll scream I will He got scared and stopped, the sill, So I walked back from the buggy ride, 'Cause horses carry tails.

I walked back from the buggy ride, The buggy ride, the buggy ride, I walked back from the buggy ride, I hiked thru hills and dales, He took me out for cake and tea Then tried to squeeze it out of me So I walked back from the buggy ride, 'Cause horses carry tails.

I walked back from the buggy ride, The buggy ride, the buggy ride, I walked back from the buggy ride, I hiked thru hills and dales, The night was dark, the moon was

But he was paralyzed with fright, So I walked back from the buggy ride, Cause horses carry tails.

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HAVANA HEAVEN (Cielo De La Habana)

English by HOWARD JOHNSON Spanish by RAMON VELASQUEZ and NICO DOSTAL

Verse

I had a glimpse of paradise, one summer night in June,
'Twas down in old Havana far away.
I left my love in paradise but I'm returning soon,
That's why you'll hear me singing night and day.

Chorus

Havana Heaven, open up your gates for me, Havana Heaven, let me hear that Havana Heaven, let me hear that melody,
Sung by an angel, so long ago,
'Neath Cuban skies up above, I told her I loved her so.
Havana Heaven, with the magic of your charms, Havana Heaven, send her back into my arms.

There in the moonlight, once more we'll stand,
Then to the strains of a rhumba, we'll drift to slumberland.

(Spanish)

Verse

A sies tuner mo-so cielo, de belleza, tropical, Cautiváste mi alma con tu lúz. Yo quiero contemplár te lindo cielo de tisú, Y ver lindas estréllas, al nacér.

Chorus

Hermoso Cielo, que mi alma cautivó, Da mele reposo qeua mi alma le Robó Quiero mi rárte en tuesplendór, Quiero envolvèrme, en la tristéza de tu dolor,
Hermoso Cielo, que mi alma cautivó
Son tus caricias las que siempre
quiero yó, yó
Hermoso cielo, deamor y luz,
Que mehas robádo, con tu belleza, mi corazon. Copyright 1935 by Stasny-Lang, Inc.

MY CUTEY'S DUE AT TWO-TO-TWO TODAY

By LEO ROBIN, ALBERT VON TILZER and IRVING BIBO
Hey there Taxi, do your stuff, I can't get there fast enough,
Take me to that train from way out West; Yest,
I'm just jumping in my shoes,
'Cause there ain't no time to lose,
Got a date on fifty-eight with the one
I love the best.

Chorus

My cuty's due at two to two, She's coming thru on a big choo-choo, She's been away for months;
But I haven't cheated once,
Stayed home nights, didn't dance,
Wasn't taking any chance, Didn't flirt, and the it hurt
I just couldn't do my cutey dirt.
My days were blue, my nights were black, But I just knew that she'd come back For I love her and she loves me and say
Don't think there ain't no Santa Claus,
I know darn well there is because
My cutey's due at two to two today.
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owboy and Home SANGS T REACH

RED RIVER VALLEY

(1)

From this valley they say you are going, I shall miss your sweet face and your

Because you are weary and tired, You are changing your range for a while.

(2)

Then come sit here while 'ere you leave us.

Do not hasten to bid us adieu Just remember the Red River Valley, And the cowboy who loves you so true.

(3)

I've been thinking a long time my

darling, Of the sweet words you never would

say Now alas must my fond hopes all

For they say you are going away. (4)

I have promised you darling that

never, Will the words from my lips cause you pain,

And my life it will be yours forever, If you only would love me again.

(5)

There never could be such a longing, In the heart of a poor cowboy's breast As dwells in the heart you are breaking, As I wait in my home in the West.

LITTLE OLD SOD SHANTY ON MY CLAIM

I'm looking rather seedy now while holding down my claim;
And my victuals are not always served the best.

And the mice play shyly round me as I nestle down to rest,
In my little old sod shanty, in the
West.

Yet, I rather like the novelty of living in this way, 'Tho my bill of fare is always rather tame:

But I'm happy as a clam on the land of Uncle Sam,

In my little old sod shanty on my

The hinges are made of leather and the windows have no glass, While the board roof lets the howling

blizzard in:

And I hear the hungry kiyote as he slinks up thru' the grass, 'Round my little, old sod shanty on my claim.

when I left my Eastern home, a bachelor so gay,
To try and win my way to wealth and

fame, I little thought that I'd come down to

twisted burning hay my little, old sod shanty in the West.

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IS THE RANGE STILL THE SAME BACK HOME?

By DAVE McENERY

Walking along on a city's bright street, With my boots and my Stetson of tan; An old man came near, in his eye was a tear.

And this is how he began:

Chorus

Is the Range still the same back home? Do the mustangs and the longhorns still roam?

Does the trail turn to gold

At the set of the sun?

Do the cowboys sing love songs when their work is done?

Is the Range still the same back home? Has the West stood the test of time? Oh, tell me, please do,

I'm an old cowboy too, Is the Range still the same back home? Copyright 1939 by Stasny Music Corp.



RED RIVER DAVE "THE SINGING SHERIFF"

"Red River" Dave McEnery returned home to San Antonio, Texas, after a singing engagement of two years at the New York World's Fair where he also broadcasted coast to coast over WOR Mutual Network, to coast over WOR Mutual Network, to find himself made Deputy Sheriff of his home county. A Decca recording artist, Dave is now singing his cowboy songs over NBC's Station WOAI. An outstanding singer, Dave is also a composer of note, having authored, among other famous cowboy songs, the ever popular "IS THE RANGE STILL THE SAME BACK HOME?", the lyrics of which appear on this page.

CLEMENTINE

In a canyon, in a cavern, excavating for a mine Lived a miner, forty-niner, and his

daughter Clementine.

Chorus Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my

darling Clementine,
You are gone and lost forever, dreadful sorry Clementine.

Fair she was and like a fairy and her

shoes were number nine.
Sardine boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water ev'ry morning just at nine, Hit her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water blowing bubbles soft and fine
And you know that I'm no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

In a graveyard, in the canyon, where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses and other posies, fertilized by Clementine.

6 And the miner, forty-niner, soon began to peak and pine
Thought he ought to join his daughter, now he's with our Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, in her robes all soaked in brine,
Though in life I used to hug her, now
she's dead I'll draw the line.

she's dead I'll draw the line.

8
How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clementine,

'Til I kissed her little sister, then forgot my Clementine.

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OLD COWBOY By HAMILTON KENNEDY Verse

Ole Faithful's master's eyes are dim, No more they'll ride together down the trail: Now they have said their last good-

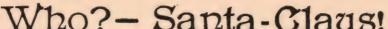
bye,

The horse has gone, the rider's old and frail:

Chorus There's an old cowboy Parted from his saddle, And he's tired and weary, His days are nearly o'er. There's an old cowboy There's an old cowboy
Parted from his saddle,
And that old cowboy
Will ride the range no more.
"Gallop along," "Gallop along,"
He still hears the call,
"Gallop along" to the round-up in the Fall

There's an old cowboy, Just another journey for that old cowboy,

Alone across the hill. Copyright 1937 by Stasny Music Corp.





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Who? Santa Claus! - 3





Who? Santa Claust-8



Something's wrong! I blow in "oompaah" and it comes out "eek"!

DARN MY HEART

Words and Music by
BILLY HAYES and HERBERT MILLER
Verse

I have the darndest trouble with my heart.

Not what you think it might be, I was most reluctant to fall in love, But my heart fell in love for me.

Chorus Darn my heart, playing tricks behind my back,

Just to throw me off the track, Thinks it's smart, Darn my heart, just a traitor to the

Cause
Disobeying all the laws of love,
Love's for all who like it,
I thought why be a fool,
Then my heart took me in hand,
Now I'm no exception to the rule,
Darn my heart, making me love and
I like it

I like it,
Knowing I'm lucky to strike it,
Darn my heart.
Copyright 1941 by Billy Hayes

HIGH UPON A HILLTOP

Words and Music by JIMMIE FRANKLIN

Verse

Seems that all my dreams came true, But there's only one.

Now I know it's up to you,

Then my work will be done.

Chorus

High upon a hilltop,
There's a cottage there,
That I built for you.
Tell me will you share?
High upon a hilltop
Clouds go drifting by.
Not a worry there,
It's up to you and I Not a worry there,
It's up to you and I.
'Cause it's the right way,
A highway that leads to happiness.
I know it's your way
And my way, it's the love way to High upon a hilltop We will bill and coo, Let me make you happy, Then I'll be happy too. Copyright 1941 by Jimmie Franklin

TOO BAD, SO SAD

Words and Music by BILLY HAYES and HERBERT LEIGHTON

Verse

Good for you You went and did what's bad for you You wouldn't listen to my plea Now you have my sympathy.

Chorus

Too bad, so sad You're feeling so blue So you met someone who Treated you unkind.

So glad you had Him falling for you When he met someone who Made him change his mind.

You thought you knew what love meant You sure were riding high You didn't ask about me Till the day he said bood-bye.

Too bad, so sad You couldn't be true Now I'm telling you That it's just too bad for you. Copyright 1941 by Billy Hayes

THERE'S NO TOMORROW

Lyrics by HAL HOWARD Music by KEN WALTON

Verse

Have you ever had a feeling life was really through?
Darling that's the way I'm feeling, all because of you:

Chorus

There's no Tomorrow because you've gone away,
There's no Tomorrow for there's no
today;
No sun can shine for me when we're not together, And it can rain or snow, I wouldn't know the weather.

There'll be no future, no past or

present; won't be living 'til you come back, and then

My tomorrows will begin again. Copyright 1941 by Clef Music Co.

MOTHER GOOSE PARADE

By IRVING BIBO, LEW BREAU and MAURICE STURM

Now Jack, little Jill,
If you will be still,
I'll tell you some news,
About "Mother Goose."
"Mother Goose" said she could,
If we would, just be good,
Show us how her children go out on parade; Each one will appear Real soon, they'll be here What's that? It's a drum! Oh, My, here they come!

Chorus

"Little Jack Horner" leaves his corner with a plum on his thumb,
And he merrily beats the plum on his drum,
Mary so contrary isn't so contrary as
she used to be,
For she laughingly follows him to
have some fun;
"Old Mother Hubbard" comes next,
and right behind
"Simple Simon" with nothing on his drum.

mind,
"Peter Piper" blows his little pipe
with the farmer in the dell,
Humpty Dumpty fell and the crowd
began to yell.

Second Chorus

Look at "Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater" marching with the King of France, "Jack Spratt" eats no fat, Does a funny little dance, "Polly put the kettle on" is smiling at her little friend "Boy Blue" "Cross Patch" sees her smile, and she starts smiling too. starts smiling too;
There's "Tommy Tucker," and look,
there is "Old King Cole,"
Ev'ry body loves him, the merry soul, No one else is coming now, my children, so I really am afraid We're through, say "Adieu"
To the Mother Goose Parade. Copyright 1928 by Bibo, Bloeden & Lang, Inc. Copyright assigned to Stasny Music Corp.

MY MILITARY MAID

Words and Music by MILTON LEEDS and BILLY HAYES

Who's the sweetheart of the Who's the sweetheart of the Legionaires?
Who swings out those patriotic airs?
My Military Maid—in gold and purple braid,
She's the class and color of each colorful parade.

See those banners waving in the breeze, See those prancing, dancing, dimpled knees
My Military Maid
Presents the cavalcade of the bravest on parade.

rat-tat-tat-tat, a rum-tum-tumtum The blare of a horn . . . the snare of The Legionaires are on review.

The click of her heels . . . the flash of a smile, The roar of the crowd . . . she's struttin' in style
Swinging down the avenue.
See those buddies marching side by See that darling keeping them in stride My Military Maid Is leading the brigade. She's the hit of the big parade. Copyright 1941 by Billy Hayes

GOOFY POLKA

By DENNIS MONACO, HAMPTON DURAND and EDDIE DORR

It's here my dear in this rendezvous, A table for two, an orchid to you. It's here my dear where good fellows

The breath of spring is in the swing, In tune our hearts will beat.

Chorus

Chorus

Let's dance tonight

To the Oofy Goofy Polka,
This dreamy night
We can sip a Carioca.
The lights are low
Our hearts beat merrily.
This night I know
Was meant for you and me.
Let's laugh, let's sing
And forget about all sorrow
For love will bring
Us happiness tomorrow;
While music plays While music plays
Just hold me in your arms And we'll romance To the Oofy Goofy dance.

Extra Chorus

I lost my shirt When I danced the Goofy Polka Tripped on her skirt And I felt that I could choke her The crowd all roared Oh gee was my face red I felt so bored I wish I'd stayed in bed She thought it fun But her dancing never thrilled me She weighed a ton Oh boy it nearly killed me I took a chance But never will again I lost romance In that Oofy-Goofy dance. Copyright 1941 by Greater New York Music Corp.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF **FREEDOM**

Yes, we'll rally 'round the flag, boys, we'll rally round the hag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom:
The Union forever, Hurrah boys, Hurrah! Down with the traitor, Up with the stars; While we rally 'round the flag, boys, Rally once again, Shouting the battle-cry of freedom. (Repeat Chorus)

HIT YOURSELF ON THE FUNNY BONE AND HAND YOURSELF A LAUGH

Words and Music by BILLY HAYES and HERBIE MILLER If you find yourself feelin' low down And you've got to face a showdown Hit yourself on the funny bone And hand yourself a laugh.

If you find your sweet patootie Starts to act a trifle snootie Hit yourself on the funny bone And hand yourself a laugh.

What's the use, there's no e in cryin' the blues
Wear a smile as wide as a mile
You've nothin' to lose. there's no excuse

If you find the world has fallen And you're gonna start in bawlin' Hit yourself on the funny bone And hand yourself a laugh. Copyright 1941 by Billy Hayes

THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH ME

(That One Little Kiss Couldn't Cure)

Words & Music by CLAYTON ARTHUR, LEO COHEN

Altho' I'm short of money And Honey, close to poor There's nothing the matter with me That one little kiss couldn't cure What makes my head and heart ache Ask any connoisseur There's nothing the matter with me That one little kiss couldn't cure

Don't need a doctor, don't need a pill Don't need a tonic or nurse Haven't a fever, haven't a chill Still, I never felt worse

Oh, you're the one can help me I'm absolutely sure There's nothing the matter with me That one little kiss couldn't cure. Copyright 1941 by Keystone Music Co., 1619 Broadway, New York City.

FOG UNDER THE MOON

JIMMIE FRANKLIN and TOMMY JORDAN

Verse

I'm unhappy as can be,
'Cause no one cares for me.
Ev'ry night now, I confide,
Hoping that my love you'll guide.

Fog under the moon, Guess you wonder why, Why I come to sigh, Fog under the moon Hope it's not to be Just a memory Just a memory
I know you're shining bright
But not for me tonight
'Cause someone stole my love away
Now I can't be content My nights and days are spent Just cryin' out my heart For love to come and stay Moon please find love soon Now you know my tune,
Fog Under the Moon.
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LIFE COULD BE SO LOVELY

Words and Music by LEO COHEN, DICK BALLOU

Lovely things always happen To certain people every day And perhaps real soon dear Lady Luck will come my way

Life could be so lovely With one as lovely as you It really wouldn't matter It really wouldn't matter
The things we'd say or do
Just the thought to be near you
Just to hold your hand
Everything you'd do dear
I would understand
I'd never rush to leave you
Being without you I dread
And when the day is over
I'd dream about you instead
You and I together
Just like honey and a bee
Could make our life so lovely
Just for you and me.

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MY OLD ROMANCE

(Is a New Romance Again)

Words and Music by JIMMIE FRANKLIN

I've had my lesson in love, And now I know that I've learned, Thanks to the heavens above, Darling that you returned.

My old romance is a new romance again,
And that old thrill, is such a new thrill again,
That old bench in the park, Seems so new again,
That sweet kiss in the dark
Seems to spark again.
Out of a glance Fate has brought you back again; This new romance, will not be blue again. Our love will go on forever, together again, I'm glad that my old romance Is a new romance again.

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Now again, but this time with a little real feeling.

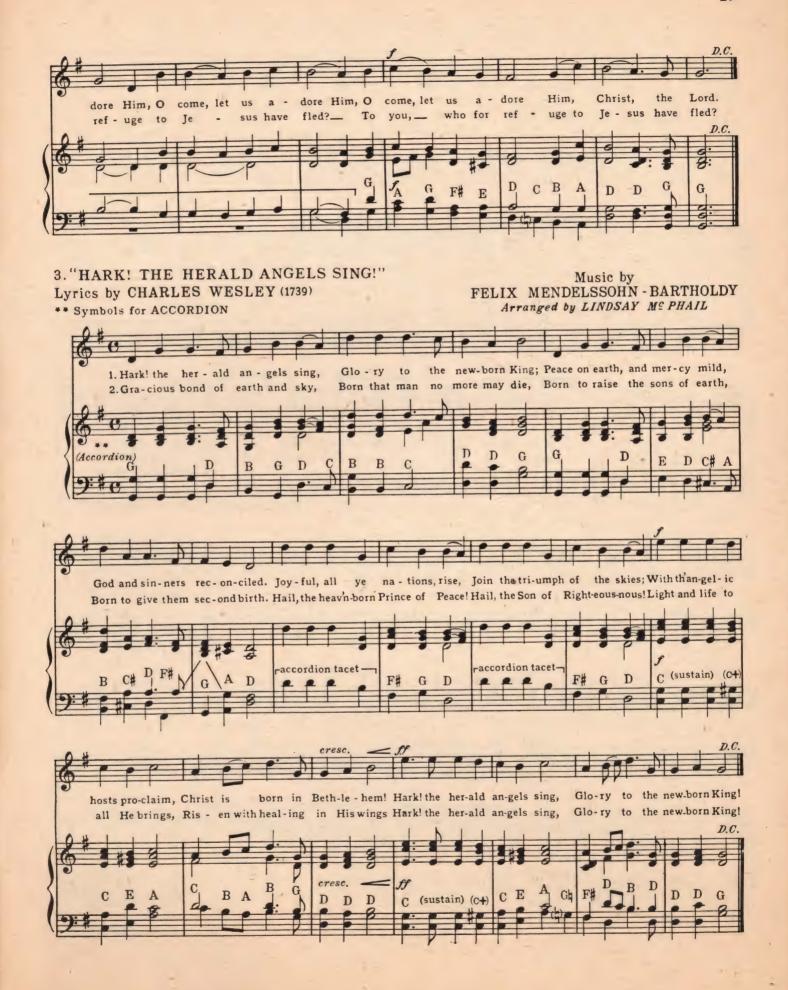
MEDLEY OF SACRED AND XMAS SONGS 28 1. Silent Night, Holy Night 2. Adeste Fideles (Oh, Come All Ye Faithful) 3. Hark! The Herald Angels Sing! 4. Jingle Bells By JOSEPH MÖHR ** Symbols for ACCORDION and FRANZ GRÜBER Arranged by LINDSAY Mª PHAIL 1."SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT" 1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright. 'Round you vir - gin moth-er and child! 2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep-herds quake at the sigh! Glo-ries stream from heav-en a - far, God, love's pure light, Ra - diant beams from Thy ho-ly face, 3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of Blo (Bb G F) Bb (Bb)F GF Bb Bb (FGF) Eb (Accordion) Bb (EP) Bb (F G F) Bb 3. Fine Ho-ly In fant so ten-der and mild, Sleep in heav-en - ly peace, Sleep in heav-en - ly peace. Christ, the Sav-iour is born! Christ, the Sav-iour is born! Heav'nly hosts - sing Al - le - lu - ia, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth. With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace, Fdimin. Bb (Bb)F G F Bb FFF ** (Symbols for ACCORDION) Music by 2. "ADESTE FIDELES" (O, Come All Ye Faithful) Lyrics 1 Translation F. OAKELEY-1841 JOHN READING Arranged by LINDSAY MCPHAIL Lyrics 2 GEORGE KEITH Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O come ye, O come, all ye faith - ful, 2. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His



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4. "JINGLE BELLS"



Songs Everyone Loves

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN I WISH I WAS SINGLE AGAIN (Oh! Paddy Dear)

O Paddy dear and did you hear the news that's going round,
The Shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground;
And Saint Patrick's day no more we'll keep, his color can't be seen.
For there's a bloody law against the wearing of the green.
I met with Napper Tandy and he took me by the hand

me by the hand And he said "How's poor auld Ireland, and how does she stand?"

She's the most distressful country that

ever you have seen.
They're hanging men and women there for wearin' of the green.

Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed; You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod

but 'twill take root and flourish still, tho' under foot 'tis trod.

When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow, And when the leaves in summer time their verdure days not show.

their verdure dare not show,
Then I will change the color I wear
in my cobeen

But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearin' of the green.

ALOHA BELOVED

By ANDY LONG and RAY CANTFIELD Coral sands of splendor, Lazy tropic breeze; Nights of love surrender, Treasured all are these.

Aloha beloved Aloha Alona beloved Alona
Your mem'ry ne'er will fade,
Aloha my darling Aloha,
My sweet Hawaiian maid;
Let dreams float our love boat o'er waters blue, Aloha beloved Aloha, My sweetheart I love you. Copyright Bibo-Lang, Inc; Assigned to Stasny Music Corp.

BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE **ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS**

By THOMAS MOORE

1st Chorus

Believe me if all those endearing young charms Which I gaze on so fondly today, Were to change by tomorrow and flee

from my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou would'st still be adored as this
moment thou art:

Let they loveliness fade as it will, And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart. Would entwine itself verdantly still.

2nd Chorus

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own

And thy cheek's unprofaned by a

tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear.

Oh, the heart that has truly loved never forgets But as truly loves on to the close;

As the sunflower turns on her God when he sets
The same look that she gave when he rose.

I wish I was single again, I wish I was single again,
was single again,
For when I was single, my pockets
would jingle,
Oh, I wish I was single again.

I married a wife, Oh then, I married a wife, Oh then,
I married a wife, she's ruined my life,
I wish I was single again.

She binged me, she banged me, oh then, she binged me, she banged me, oh then,

She binged me, she banged me, she thought she would hang me, I wish I was single again.

My wife she died, oh then, my wife she died, oh then,

My wife she died and I laughed till I

cried, To think I was single again.

I married another, oh then, I married another, oh then, I married another, Oh satan's grand-

mother, I wish I was single again.

Young men take warning from this, from this,
Young men take warning from this,
You're hitched 'til you're dyin'
And no use your cryin'
Oh I wish I was single again.
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SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

Sleep, Baby, Sleep! Thy father guards the sheep,— Thy mother shakes the dream-land tree And from it fall sweet dreams for thee, Sleep, baby, sleep! Baby, Sleep.

OH SUSANNA

(1) I came from Alabama, wid my banjo

on my knee, I'm g'wan to Louisiana, My true love for to see,
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
De' sun so hot I froze to death;

Susanna, don't you cry. Chorus

Oh Susanna, don't you cry for me, I've come from Alabama, Wid my banjo on my knee.

(2)
I jumped aboard de telegraph and traveled down de river,
De 'lectric fluid magnified, and killed five hundred niggers,
De bull gwine bust, de horse run off,
I really thought I'd die,
I shut my eyes to hold my breath,
Susanna, don't you cry.
I had a dream de odder night, when everything was still,
I thought I saw Susanna, a-coming down de hill

I thought I sa down de hill

De buck-wheat cakes was in her mouth, de tear was in her eye
Says I, I'm coming from de south,
Susanna, don't you cry.

(3)

Oh, when I gets to New Orleans, I'll look all 'round and 'round,
And when I find Susanna, I'll fall And when I find Susanna, I'll fall right on de ground,
But if I do not find her, dis darky'll surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried,
Susanna, don't you cry.

THE ROSE OF TRALEE

By CHARLES W. CLOVER
and C. MORDAUNT SPENCER

The pale moon was rising above the green mountain, The sun was declining beneath the blue sea,

When I stray'd with my love to the pure crystal fountain, That stands in the beautiful vale of

Tralee She was lovely and fair as the rose of

the summer, Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that

won me.
Oh, No! 'Twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning,
That made me love Mary the Rose of

Tralee

OLD NAMES OF OLD FLAMES BY HOWARD JOHNSON and IRVING BIBO

Verse There's a thrill when you hear someone mention the name

Of a pal or a sweetheart of old.
There's a spark in your heart seems to
leap into flame, Bringing mem'ries that never grow

cold. You think you've forgotten them all, Until you begin to recall.

Chorus Old names of old flames bring memo-

or thannes of the harnes bring memories to you
Of old pals and old gals, the first real friends you knew.
Sally, Mary, Sweet Genevieve, Alice and Sunbonnet Sue.

Old names of old flames bring memories to you.

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I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN KATHLEEN

RATHLEEN
By T. P. WESTENDORF
I'll take you home again Kathleen
Across the ocean wild and wide
To where your heart has ever been
Since first you were my bonny bride.
The roses all have left your cheek
I've watched them fade away and die,
Your voice is sad whene'er you speak Your voice is sad whene'er you speak And tears bedim your loving eyes.

Chorus Oh, I will take you back, Kathleen To where your heart will feel no pain And when the fields are fresh and green I'll take you to your home Kathleen. To that dear home beyond the sea My Kathleen shall again return, And when thy old friends welcome thee

The Thy loving heart will cease to yearn. Where laughs the little silver stream Beside your mother's humble cot. And brightest rays of sunshine gleam There all your grief will be force.

THE ROSARY

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart

Are as a string of pearls to me; I count them over, every one apart, My Rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;

I tell each bead unto the end and there
A cross is hung.
Oh, memories that bless—and burn!
Oh, barren gain—and bitter loss!

I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn

To kiss the cross, Sweetheart, To kiss the cross.

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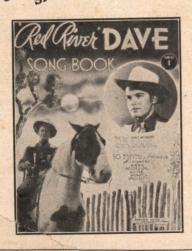
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